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OCT 8 1918  
Food Must Follow the Flag

SB  
103  
No 1  
C.P. 2-

# *The* **War Garden Guyed**



Uncle Sam came across with a grin,  
And he reckoned: "I'm proud of my kin;  
With the country all fat  
With fine gardens like that  
Your old Uncle is certain to win."

**1918**

THE NATIONAL WAR GARDEN COMMISSION  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

## VITAL VALUE OF THE WAR-GARDEN

**T**HIS publication treats of the lighter side of the war garden movement and the canning and drying campaign. Fortunately a national sense of humor makes it possible for the cartoonist and the humorist to weave their gentle laughter into the fabric of food emergency. That they have winged their shafts at the war gardener and the home canner serves only to emphasize the vital value of these activities.

The producing season of 1918 has seen tremendous growth in war gardening and home conservation. These activities were inaugurated on a national scale in 1917. At that time they were regarded as emergency measures made necessary by America's entry into the world war as an active belligerent. With the prolongation of the conflict their value has been greatly increased. From a land of plenty the United States has become a land with a war-time food problem akin to that with which Europe has been face to face for four years. Each day of the war's continuance will render this problem more acute. The American war garden has already proved its worth in helping to solve this problem. As the war goes on this will increase.

Among American war agencies the National War Garden Commission has occupied unique position. Established as a patriotic contribution on the part of a few public spirited men, the Commission has become a recognized institution. This recognition has been accorded by the United States Government through various departments and branches and by foreign nations. It has brought to the Commission the cooperation of Federal, State, County, and City governments and of every type of local agency.

One of the leading achievements of the Commission during 1918 has been to demonstrate the possibility of food production by the army at the camps and cantonments throughout America. The demonstration was made at Camp Dix, New Jersey. At the request of the War Department the Commission

provided seed, farming equipment and fertilizers for planting a war garden of between three and four hundred acres at the camp. This garden has been worked by a regularly organized farm company of a strength of from 165 to 225 men. The results in simplifying the food problem of the Army are of such importance as to justify the belief that next year will see camp war gardening on a national scale.

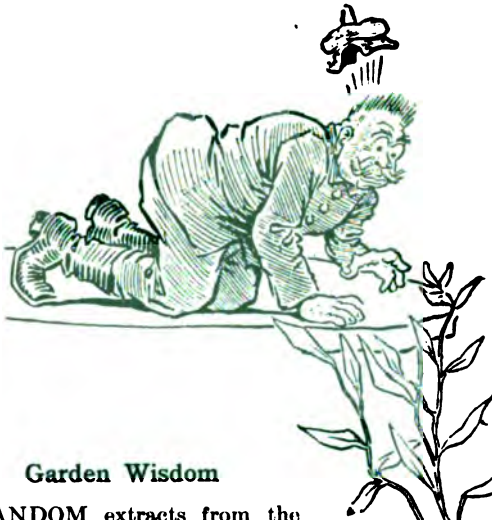
Another important phase of the work of the Commission has been cooperation with the United States Bureau of Education in stimulating war gardening among the nation's school children.

Through international relationships, the Commission has done much to cement the friendship between America and other countries of the world. This is especially true of the Allied nations. In England, France, Belgium and other countries across the Atlantic, in Canada, in Australia and in Cuba and the Philippines, close affiliation has been welcomed by government authorities and by various agencies concerned with the food question. One example of international cooperation is that conducted throughout Canada by the Canada Food Board in conjunction with this Commission. South America has also manifested deep interest.

In the United States the Commission's preliminary survey of war gardening in 1918 indicates an increase of more than 40 per cent over the number of gardens planted in 1917. The figures show approximately five million gardens with a probable value of half a billion dollars.

For this achievement too much credit cannot be given to the periodical and newspaper press of America and other countries. The Commission is deeply sensible of the cordial and unwavering help given by the newspapers and magazines. Without this help the work could not have been done.

To the cartoonist, humorist and others whose material is herein reproduced, the Commission makes grateful acknowledgment.



friends of the family being present, in addition to about six million sparrows and all the neighbors' chickens. A garden looks very prosperous in the catalogue. No sooner are the seeds firmly established in the turf than the sparrows start in to kidnap 'em. It isn't much of a riot. One sparrow can defeat its weight in seeds the best day you ever saw. And a good two-clawed chicken can

### Garden Wisdom

**R**ANDOM extracts from the writings of Arthur (Bugs) Baer, of the *New York World*:

"All over our former Republican States war gardens are being launched, with a patriotic waving of elbows and a star-spangled outburst of seeds. Launching a war garden is a very intricate matinee. When they launch a war vessel the skids are put under the vessel. But when they launch a war garden the skids are placed under the gardener.

"A war garden is a gob of Jand situated as close to the ground as possible. The idea is to barrage it with a flock of seed shrapnel which will eventually bloom and produce something besides blisters on the hands and pains in the suspenders from bending over. A seed is a young berry which is buried in the ground and patted in the face with a spade. The interment is private, only a few



turn a war garden over on its shoulder blades with one claw tied behind its ears.

"After a few skirmishes with the neighbors' chickens your garden wears a worried look like a suburbanite who is always two jumps behind his train and one jump ahead of the rent. It is emptier than a cruller with the rim gone. It won't even support an echo. 'The nap is all worn off.'"



### JACK THE GIANT KILLER

PLASCHKE in *Louisville Times*.



**NEWS FROM THE FRONT**

**The enemy charged in great force all along the East Cleveland and Lakewood sectors. They were repulsed with heavy losses. All is quiet along Euclid Avenue**

*DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

When the wife votes in favor of potatoes and the husband insists that onions are preferable, the little plot of ground at the back of the house verily becomes a war garden.

There's a man up in Brooklyn, N. Y.,  
Who thinks it his duty to try  
The home garden stunt  
In both backyard and front  
So his folks will have rhubarb for pie.



Said the grocer to Mrs. McPhee:  
"Your dollars mean nothing to me,  
You can't trade in my shop.  
Can your war garden crop  
And then you can feed yourself free."



**CAN ALL YOU CAN**

*HAL COFFMAN in Dayton Journal.*

## War Garden Sass

**T**WO-DAY I ate some freedom peas, in my war garden grown; I often gather greens like these, and boil them with a bone; and though the peas were small in size, in taste like castor oil, I viewed them with admiring eyes, the product of my toil. With pride the loyal voter eats his home-grown garden sass, his luscious Patrick Henry beets, and Sweet Boon sparrow-grass; his taters may be small as beads, his lettuce coarse and tough, but joyously he on them feeds and cannot get enough. I plant my beans of Bunker Hill and till them with my sword, and say, "I'll help can Kaiser Bill, the frugal way I board. I've plowed up the begonia bed, the lily and the rose, and that I may be cheaply fed I ply my rakes and hoes." How good it makes a fellow feel, to do his little trick, when he's too old to take his steel and carve a Teuton hick! He feels his jaded spirits rise, he knows he's safe and sane; he views his garden plot and cries, "I have not lived in vain!" There are so many ways to aid that no one need despond; the coin I've saved with hoe and spade will buy another bond. I help to balk the submarines, some Teuton scheme I smash, by raising Nation's Bulwarks beans and Eagle succotash.

—WALT MASON.

## A War-like Crop

It was inevitable that Cartoonist Herri-man should initiate his favorite creations, Baron Bean and Grimes, into the mysteries of the war garden. Grimes is pictured as puzzled over a strange series of popping sounds from the Baron's back yard.

"I wonder what it is," he exclaims.

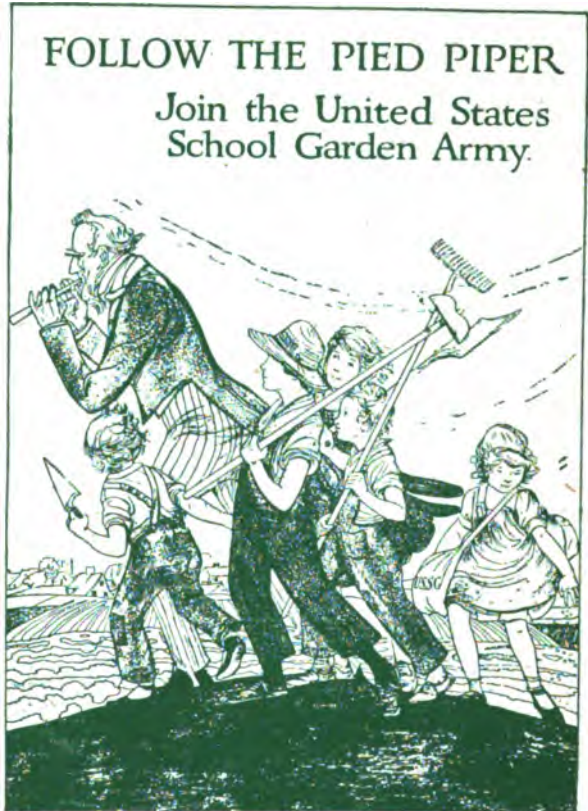
"It's pop-corn, you skwint, if you want to know," replies the Baron.

"Why don't you plant something more peaceful?" asks Grimes.

"This is a war garden, Ole Dear," is the Baron's retort, as he playfully hammers Grimes over the head with a rake.

## Rules for the Gardener

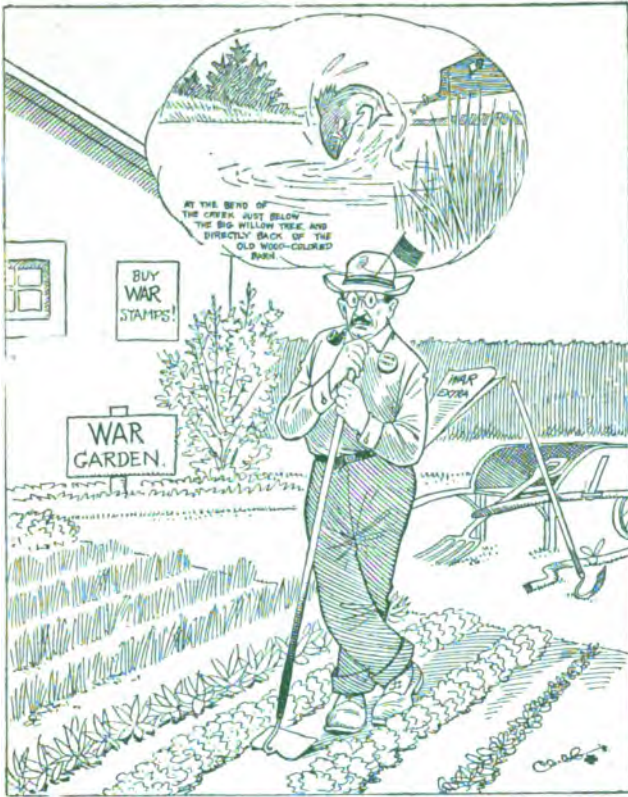
**I**N tools for gardening, you require a wheel hoe with cultivator, rake, plow, side hoe, seed dropper and all the wrinkles, about \$14.35; miscellaneous hand hoes, rakes, cultivators, pushers, pullers, persuaders and grabber, \$27.56. Total, about



CLEVER POSTER USED BY THE UNITED STATES SCHOOL GARDEN ARMY

\$41.91. These tools are not to use on your own garden, but to lend to your neighbors. You do your own work with tools borrowed from one neighbor while another neighbor is using the ones you bought. Garden tools are like a circulating library, only very few of the things come back. You must also have a large supply of monkey wrenches, Stilson wrenches, hammers, saws, screw-drivers, etc., because the neighbors who borrow your garden tools will naturally hesitate to ask you to come over and fix 'em when they get out of whack, but will be glad to borrow the tools to fix 'em with. So you just gotta have plenty of implements and tools.





### THE LURE

CLUBB in *Rochester Herald*.

### Worms Will Win the War

One industrious war gardener is pictured as working busily and reflecting on the virtue of raising his own food supply.

"If everybody grew their own vegetables and ate less meat," he soliloquized, "we'd put old Bill on the bum in a hurry. This is tough work but I'll stick to it if it kills me. I'm with Hoover on this."

At this point a fine assortment of earth worms was unearthed. The digger's reflections immediately shifted to a shady stream and the final scene shows him happily fishing.

"Oh, well," he reflects to soothe his conscience, "vegetables or fish; it's all the same to Mr. Hoover."

If New Yorkers are to cultivate 12,000 farm-gardens this summer, as Mr. Hoover asks, they will have to arrange a schedule by which their roof gardening won't interfere with their war-gardening.

### Gathering the Crop

ONE gardener quarrelled with his wife over the first fruit of the family garden. He claimed the growth was one of his succotash. She insisted it was one of her sweet pickles. While they quarrelled their charming niece dug it up.

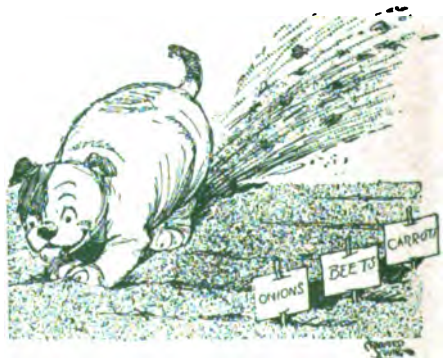
"Oh, dear," she complained. "Must I do it all? Why don't you get busy and take out a weed when you see it?"

### Love's Labor Lost

During his summer excursion in war gardening, cartoonist C. A. Voight exploited Petey Dink as planning to plant succotash in a space which he had spaded at much expense of labor and physical fatigue. As he finished the spading his wife appeared on the scene. She was filled with dismay at what she found.

"Oh, Petey, dear, what have you done?" she flung at him. "You've dug up the plot where I had my beans planted."

Poor Petey fainted.



Copyright, Life Pub. Co.

Pup: I'll just examine these seeds the boss planted yesterday. He'll be glad to see me so interested.

Courtesy of *Life*.

## The Days of Real Sport

"WAR gardening is just as good sport as golf or shooting," declares an enthusiast. U-m, well, it requires as much skill and persistency to bag a patch of potatoes as to bag a dozen quail, and looking for the pepper plants in the weeds would be as good sport as looking for lost golf balls if caddies were employed to help.

GET BUSY! . . . . . By J. H. Cassel



CASSEL in *San Francisco Bulletin*.

### Watchful Waiting

"This war garden business is a frost," said the man in the street car. "I planted my garden two years ago and nothing came up but weeds. Last year I waited to see what would happen, but weeds were the only crop this time, too. I am going to wait just one more season, and then if the stuff don't come up I am going to dig up the whole thing."

### Preliminary Practice

If you wish to do a little preparatory Red Cross work, why not hold very gently the blistered hand of your favorite war-gardener?

### A Popular Tale

"What are you reading?"  
 "A tale of buried treasure."  
 "Wasting your time on fiction?"  
 "No. This is expert advice on how to plant potatoes."



DAYLIGHT SAVED - A GARDEN MADE

Since Congress lengthened out the day,  
 Let's start in right and stay right.  
 It's just the thing for garden work—  
 This extra hour of daylight.



WATER YOUR GARDEN CAREFULLY

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
 How does your garden fare?"  
 "It's growing well in this dry spell;  
 I water it with care."



### UNCLE BIFF SAYS

Doc Tweezer an' Andy Jimpson got into a war garden fight. Doc said green peas would win the war, and Andy said 'twant' so; string beans would do it.

DONAHEY in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

### The Gardener's Plaint

By "TOUCHSTONE"

I WANT to lie supine upon the grass  
With the blue vault of heaven arching  
over.

To watch the fleecy cloudlets as they pass,  
To hear the murmurous bees among the  
clover.

Such were, indeed, a fitting interlude  
'Twixt the recurring frenzies of the poet.  
Alas! if man to-day hath need of food  
He has to up and grow it.

Therefore, behold me with my fork and hoe  
At work upon my small but neat allot-  
ment,  
Earthing the spud—a task for which I  
know

That I was most emphatically not meant,  
Alack! for those two ancestors of mine,  
The temptress Eve, the weak and greedy  
Adam

Who needs must go and overstep the line,  
Confound you, sir and madam!

But that was in the very distant past,  
The active villain of the piece comes  
later,

Fit for the part in which he has been cast.  
Whose sins, I trow, are infinitely greater,  
Since he is obviously most to blame

To concentrate on him were surely  
wiser,  
And while I toil I fervently exclaim,  
"Oh! you-know-what the Kaiser!"  
—From *The London Daily Mail*.

### Lasting Well

"I am surprised to see you have such a quantity of preserves left over from last year."

"Nobody could get the lids off," explained the housewife briefly.

"The time has come," the ridsdale said,  
"To think of garden scenes,  
Of carrots, beets and artichokes,  
Of squash and lima beans;  
Of why the canner's boiling hot  
And how to dry your greens."

For the war gardeners the Government should provide the order of the blistered palm.

Garden hint: In time of war prepare for peace.



### MOTHER HUBBARD

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD WILL  
HAVE A NEW CUPBOARD  
WITH FOOD PILED UP HIGH ON EACH SHELF  
SHE'LL HAVE ALL SHE'LL NEED ALL  
HER HOUSEHOLD TO FEED  
SHE'LL CAN IT OR DRY IT HERSELF.



## One Result of the Heat

**T**HE best way to bang the conservation Holstein in the optic is to unsheath your elbows and publish a war garden, says Arthur (Bugs) Baer, the inimitable humorist of the *New York World*. And while you are chaperoning the nimble onion, the durable lima bean and the joyful tomato, the wife should be chauffeuring a war preserving laboratory. Beat the raise in living by raising the beet. Preserve the Union by preserving the onion. Raise corn in your garden and on the Kaiser's progress at the same time. Every corn you raise is another corn in the imperial boot. By adding the lima bean you can make the Kaiser the sucker in succotash.

And don't return your elbows to their scabbard until the Junkers are in the junk. While the navy is canning the U-boats, you can the navy bean.

The National War Garden Commish in Washington will tell you all you want to know about war gardens, from soup to the hat check. They will send you a yard of literature telling you how to separate a young goulash seed from its mother without sending in a riot call. The War Garden Commish will wise you up just how



"Oh Mamma," cried Algernon Butt,  
 "Aren't you glad you're a newspaper cut?"  
 For if that squirrel knew  
 That you never will do  
 Any canning, he'd think you're a nut."

to plant charlotte russe bulbs ring side up without the use of gyroscopic stabilizers.

By preserving fruit now you can preserve order in the future. Lowbridge the high cost of living by putting enough asparagus up in camphor to last out next winter. Carrots, beets, parsnips, cold slaw, double-barreled potatoes, rhubarb and Mexican jumping beans are the ammunition to shoot into the boys who are shooting ammunition into the foe. It doesn't matter if the Mexican jumping beans have a slight limp. They are easier to catch that way.

Every home should have a garage full of 1918 model, underslung chassis, one-man top preserve-jars loaded to the ears with fruit shrapnel. The next treaty of peace will be signed with an ink made from currant jelly, canned tomatoes and preserved peaches.

Paste that in your tin hat. Can anything and everything, from rubber heels to toothpicks. Can, can, can and make the Kaiser dance the can-can.

Can anything. Garlic, prunes, hay, or sawdust. There are calories in everything except a German peace.

## Unintentional Hooverite

**WIFE** (returned from overnight visit)—  
 "Did you get yourself a good dinner last evening, dear?"

**HUB**—"Yes, there was a bit of steak in the ice-box and I cooked it with a few onions I found in the cellar."

**WIFE**—"Onions? Jack, you've eaten my bulbs."





**MOTHER MAKES HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN HER NEW OVERALLS**

*·DONAHEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer*



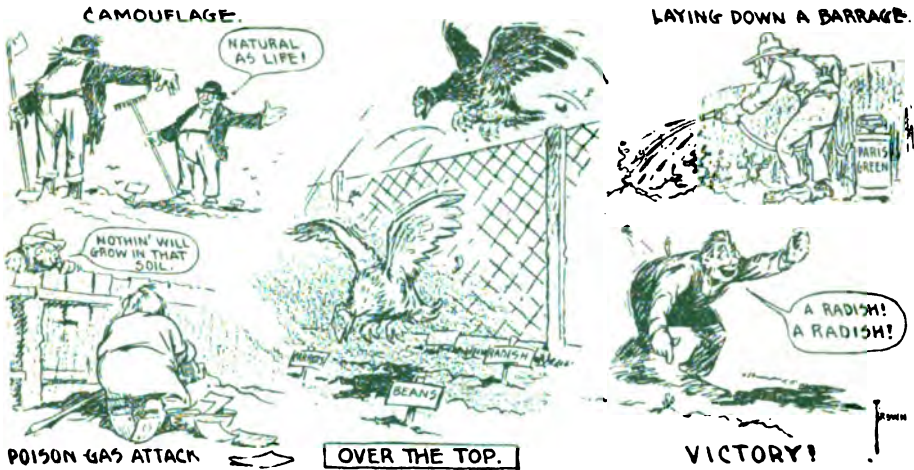
**CANNING TIME**

*By a Soldier-Contributor to Trench and Camp.*



Said the wife of a canny young Scot:  
 "Look at all of the canned goods I've got.  
 With a bridge of such size  
 For my household supplies  
 I'd as soon see cold weather as not."

## THE WAR GARDEN.



BROWN in *Chicago News*.

### Blacksmith's War-Garden

The village blacksmith planted peas  
And carrots, too.  
'Twas a small garden, if you please,  
He had in view.

But neighbors let their poultry stray  
From divers pens.  
The blacksmith now puts in the day  
A-shooing hens.

It should be borne in mind, too, that  
a real patriot will raise his chickens at  
home instead of in his neighbor's war  
garden.



Cried Mrs. Jehosophat Strong:  
"Come Hos, this late rising is wrong;  
If you want to be fed,  
Get right out of that bed  
To the garden bed where you belong."

### Not Canned

A canner one morning, quite canny,  
Was heard to remark to his Granny:  
"A canner can can anything that he can,  
But a canner can't can a can can he?"  
—ACANOMOUS.

I never fried a purple squash,  
And hope I'll never fry one.  
But I can tell you this, by gosh!  
I'd like to can or dry one.



### THE BEST USE OF IT!

CHAMBERLAIN in *Philadelphia Telegraph*.



**WHY IS IT YOUR NEIGHBOR'S GARDEN ALWAYS LOOKS BETTER THAN YOURS?**

FINCH in *Denver Post*.

### Never String a Stringless Bean

**PETEY DINK** was showing his thrifty bean patch to his wife.

"You'll have to get some poles and run strings on them so they'll have something to grow on," suggested Mrs. Dink.

"Not these beans," retorted the war gardener. "They're stringless beans."

### Perils of Gardening

"Come out and help me," the war gardener called to his wife.

"Oh, dear, I can't," was the reply. "Working in the garden don't agree with me."

"What's the matter? Does your back pain you again?"

"No, but I got a freckle last week."



Get out and poke  
The weeds that choke  
- Your tender garden stuff,  
They're alien foes  
That crowd your rows;  
You've gotta treat 'em rough.



**"MY BENNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN"**

SATTERFIELD in *Muncie Press*.

**Garden Economies**

CARTOONIST Voight, of the *Evening Public Ledger*, made a war gardener of his beloved character Petey.

"This not only helps out on the food problem, but we'll save money as well," reflected Petey, as he toiled with his hoe, "and if I can only get the women interested there'll be nothing to it. We ought to save at least a hundred dollars."

At this point of his reflections his charming niece appeared with rake in hand to join in the work.

"Oh, Uncle Petey," she exclaimed, "how do you like my new garden costume? It cost only one hundred dollars complete."

Uncle Petey's reply was represented by a single star of extra size.




**WAR GARDENS**

SATTERFIELD in *Lowell Sun*.

OLD King Food in his merriest mood  
 Sat a-watching his garden plot.  
 He counted his Beets and he reckoned his Beans,  
 And he said: "Will we starve? We will not!"



SATTERFIELD.

mon	tues	wed
thur		fri
sat	and	holidays

I've a calendar hung on my wall,  
 And from now till the coming of fall,  
 I'll keep jars on the rack  
 In the well-known cold-pack.  
 'Tis Charlie Pack's spirited call.





### Conserving Strength

Cartoonist Allman's Duff family started in for war gardening. The women appeared in fancy costumes prepared for the occasion.

"Now that you girls have all your funny garden clothes let's get busy," said Tom.

"Not just yet," was the reply. "We're waiting on an appointment."

The appointment was with the photographer for the local paper. After the pictures had been made Tom expected action but was disappointed.

"Come on, Olivia," said Mrs. Duff. "That will be about enough for us to-day."

And the farmerettes disappeared into the house.

I THOUGHT I saw an army corps  
Bid all invaders stop.  
I looked again and saw it was  
Our mammoth garden crop.  
"That's great," I cried, "America  
Will now go 'cross the top."

You gotta remember this: If you plant a garden you won't have so much back yard to mow.

### Canning the Kaiser

By UPTON SINCLAIR

(Tune: "Marching Through Georgia")

BRING the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song,  
Sing it with a spirit that will move the world along,  
Sing it as we need to sing it, half a million strong—  
While we are canning the Kaiser.

Oh, Bill! Oh, Bill! We're on the job to-day!

Oh, Bill! Oh, Bill! We'll seal you so you'll stay!

We'll put you up with ginger in the good old Yankee way—

While we are canning the Kaiser.

Bring the guns from Bethlehem, by way of old New York;

Bring the beans from Boston, and don't leave out the pork;

Bring a load of soda-pop, and pull the grape-juice cork—

While we are canning the Kaiser.

(Chorus.)



"SWEETHEART, OH, SWEETHEART, WHERE'D YOU PLANT THE POTATO?"

DONAHEY in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

## In the War Garden

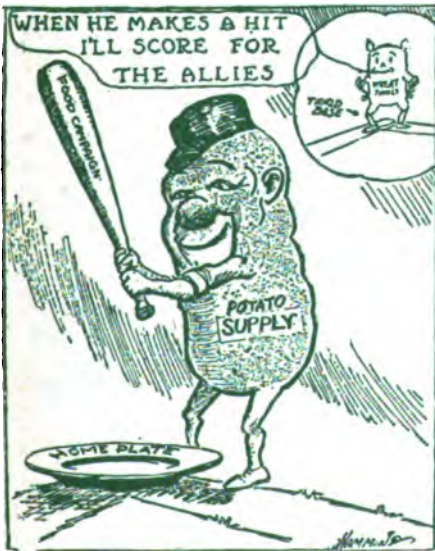
WIFIE (musingly, after digging up a potato by accident) — "Well, well, and here we have been looking our eyes out for the things. Won't Harry be surprised when I tell him he planted those potato seeds up-side down?"

Mother's in the garden with the rake and hoe; sister's in the garden with her back bent low; father's in the garden, somewhere near the fence; grand-pap's in the garden, driving chickens hence; grandmam's in the garden, showin' 'em the way they used to grow a garden in her younger day!



### MOBILIZING YOUNG PATRIOTS

MURPHY in *San Francisco Call-Post*.



### "MURPHY AT THE BAT"

Minnesota State Food Administration.

## His War Garden

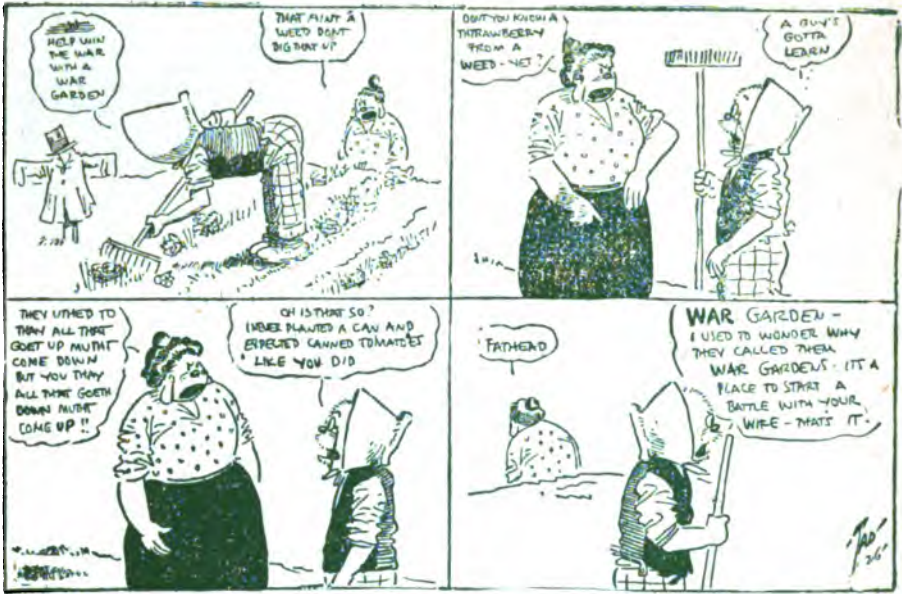
MRS. FLATBUSH: Oh, John, there are two chickens fighting in our garden!

MR. FLATBUSH: Well, let 'em fight. I've got to have some excuse for calling it a war garden, haven't I?

One newspaper reminds its readers that war-garden tan is just as good as the vacation kind and costs a heap less. It might have added, for the woman gardener's particular benefit, that every freckle her nose acquires while being sun-kissed in the vegetable patch is a badge of honor.

The chances are she'd regard a freckle on the nose as an honorable scar, rather than a badge.

Ward Four woman invited in a friend to see her war garden. Friend naturally expected to be escorted into the back yard. Judge of her surprise when she was taken to the bathroom and there, down behind the tub, mushrooms were growing—a sort of fungus development from the wood.



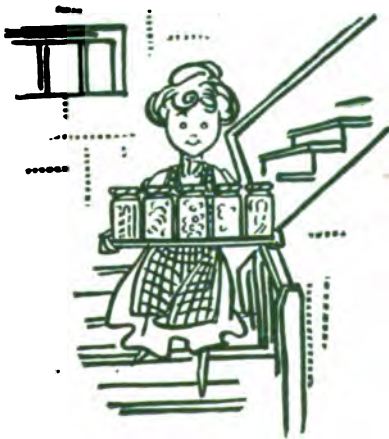
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**ALL MARRIED MEN KNOW IT, TOO**

TAD in *New York Journal*.

Little Bopeep is feeding her sheep  
 On the tops of the greens she has grown.  
 They eat cauliflower just six times an hour;  
 They're the fattest young sheep ever  
 known.

A young lady of Wilmington, Del.,  
 Attempted to put up some jell.  
 When it turned into mush  
 She refused to say "Tush!"  
 But insisted: "I'm doing quite well."



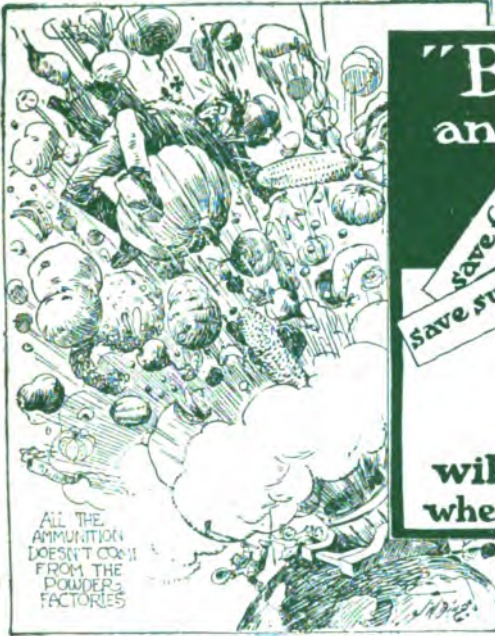
Since I'm growing my food on the spot  
 I can knock H. C. L. off the lot,  
 Without raising a hand  
 With this stuff I have canned,  
 And the people who can not cannot.

**THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY THAT MEETS ALL THE TRAINS**  
By FONTAINE PAUL



Copyright, 1918, Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

Fox in *Washington Times*.



**"Br'er Tater"**  
and garden sass

will help feed you.  
wheat is for soldiers

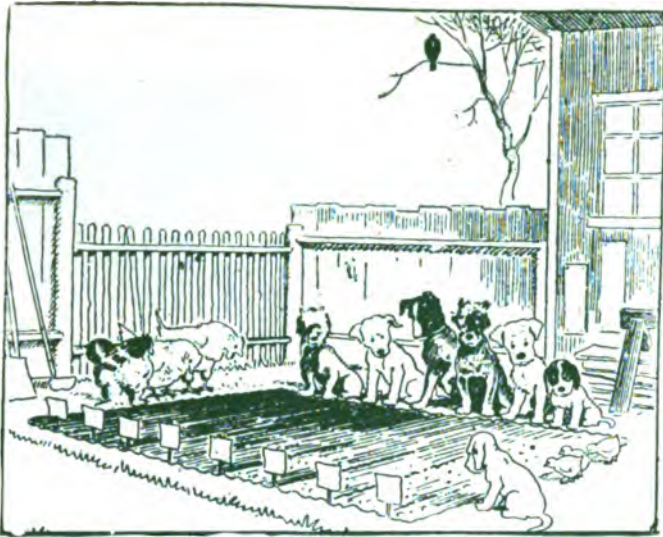
**LET POTATOES FIGHT**

They Save Wheat.  
When you eat Potatoes  
don't  
eat  
Bread

U. S. FOOD ADMINISTRATION

Copyr. Life Pub. Co. Reprinted from *Life* of May 23, 1918.

**THE UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION MOBILIZES THE CARTOONIST**



Copyright, H. T. Webster.

**AMERICAN SAPPERS WAITING FOR THE WORD TO DIG IN**

WEBSTER in *Cincinnati Times-Star*.

**The Day of Rest**

ONE of the pathetic victims of other peoples' war garden enthusiasm was Mr. John, the hero of Maurice Ketten's "Day of Rest" cartoons. Invited to spend a week-end with friends, John was delighted with the opportunity to rest.

"This is my garden, Mr. John," said his hostess proudly, showing him over her grounds. "It's full of weeds."

"Too bad," said the guest, but without enthusiasm.

"It's a shame to lose my vegetables," persisted the hostess, "but I can't find anybody to work."

"Too bad," repeated John, feeling what was coming.

"It's a crime to let good food go to waste now," ventured Mrs. John, looking at her husband, coaxingly.

"Don't you hate to see all those vegetables being spoiled by weeds, Mr. John?" the hostess persisted.

The pressure was too much and the guest was forced to forego his day of rest and weed the garden.

"I hope John didn't think I was hinting," the hostess said to Mrs. John, as they left him at work.

"Such a thought would never enter his mind," was the reassuring reply of the devoted wife.

"Are you going to have a garden this year?"

"No," replied Mr. Growcher. "It isn't my turn to make a garden. I'm going to keep chickens this year and let my neighbor make the garden."

Inmates of Pennsylvania's insane asylums are working in war gardens to aid in the fight against the Hun. "Crazy like a fox," takes on a new meaning.

Now is the time to place the spade behind the flag.



**LEADING HIM ON**

BERRYMAN in *Washington Star*.

## Cannergrams

**G**ET down to cases—cases of home-canned products.

A row of filled preserving-jars is a good defense against winter.

Sterilized, sealed, saved—the three “S’s” of home canning.

S. O. S.—Sterilize on stove—another way of saying “boil those jars of fruits and vegetables so they will keep perfectly.”

The useful life of a preserving-jar—filled in summer, ready by fall, emptied in winter—hungry to save more food next spring and summer.

A wooden false bottom in a home-canning outfit is a raft that keeps lots of perishable food from being lost.

An all-round good thing for the nation—a rubber ring on a preserving-jar.

A fourth-floor apartment is a fine place to produce a canned garden.



WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

SYKES in *Philadelphia Evening Ledger*.



UNCLE SAM'S SCHOOL GARDEN ARMY

BERRYMAN in *Washington Star*.

Persons of every level should can, the family in the top flat as well as the dweller in the bungalow.

You don't need even a foot of earth to raise a canned garden—in fact, the less dirt the better in home canning.

The colors of those jars of canned and preserved products put a service emblem in your kitchen.

Brighten the corner in that kitchen closet—with canned beans, fruits, berries.

Pantry patriotism—preserving perishable products in periods of plenty to provision people when production has passed.



THOSE BEANS NEVER WILL LOOK THE SAME

HUNGERFORD in *Harrisburg Telegraph*.

**The Little War Garden**

(With apologies to the author of *The Little Dutch Garden*).

I passed by a garden, a little war garden,  
Where all sorts of Hoover things grew,  
Big ripe, red tomatoes and bugless potatoes,  
And turnips and onions a few.

I saw in that garden, that little war garden,  
Every last kid on our street.  
Red-headed Johnny and curly-haired Tommy,  
And Jimmy and Tony and Pete.

There grew in that garden, that little war garden,

Every vegetable known in the land,  
And the Red, White and Blue, that was well planted, too,  
In each heart of that tired little band.

My heart's in that garden, that little war garden,  
It tumbled right in when they said.  
"Say, mister, we'll 'sprise yer; we'll sure lick the Kaiser."  
If every kid hoes 'till he's dead."

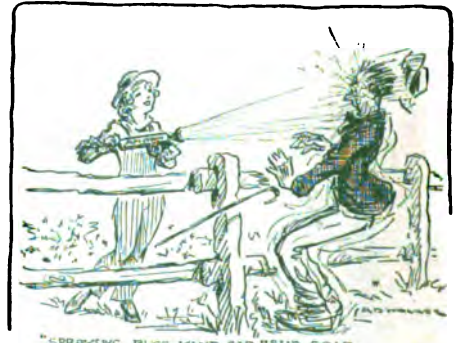


TIME TO DIG IN

DONAHEY in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MY PRETTY MAID?"



"SPRAYING BUGS, KIND SIR," SHE SAID.

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**DON'T TRY TO FLIRT WITH A FARMERETTE**

Reprinted from *Life* of August 22, 1918.



*CANNING THE KAISER*



*STAR GAZING*



*ONE REASON FOR CANNING*



*WORK WHILE YOU RIDE*



*THE MESSAGE*



*LET NO EMPTY JAR ESCAPE*



*THE PARADERS*

**THE CANNERS AS SEEN BY A COMMISSION CARTOONIST**





### OUR JANUARY GARDENING

Of course we liked our garden when we viewed the  
lettuce beds,  
And picked the tender ears of corn, and counted  
cabbage heads!  
It took a lot of work to plant and weed and hoe  
and prune,  
But then, we liked our garden! 'Twas a thing  
of art in June!  
But now that winter blusters and all prices soar  
and soar  
And we can hear the H. C. L. a-scratching at the  
door,  
And mother opens home canned corn or peas or  
beets or greens!  
Say! Takes all year to show folks what a garden  
really means!

MARTHA HART in *Des Moines Tribune*

"The time has come," the burbank said,  
"To work a fruitful graft.  
We'll cross the soil with garden seed  
And rake it fore and aft;  
And then we'll have so much to eat  
We'll look like wilyumtaft."

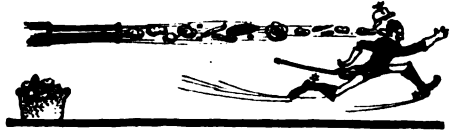
### SKETCHES FROM LIFE

By Temple



"GOT ALL MY SEED BACK ANYWAY"

TEMPLE in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



"The time has come," Jack Pershing said,  
"For you to back your sons,  
You've got to feed 'em mighty well,  
So they can man the guns,  
Backed up by your home cannin' aid  
We'll cannonade the Huns."

### IF

**I**F you can waste your food while those  
about you  
Are saving theirs with all their might and  
main;  
If you think we can win this war without  
you,  
Or think it's just your chance for private  
gain;  
If you can loaf while everybody's working,  
And make no move to help your Uncle Sam,  
But spend your days in idle, worthless  
shirking  
And show that you don't care a tinker's  
dam;

If you are happy only when you're carving  
A big and juicy joint of prime roast beef,  
And have no thought for people who are  
starving,  
And save no meat to furnish them relief;  
If you permit your worthless heart to  
harden  
To Europe's eager cry for bread and meat,  
And utterly refuse to make a garden  
To help increase our stock of stuff to eat;

I SAY—if you can live in this poor fashion  
And be as heedless as you were before,  
You're lost to all respect and all com-  
passion;  
**YOU'RE JUST A SLACKER, MAN,  
AND NOTHING MORE;**

**BUT IF** you save whatever you are able,  
And help to feed the men who go to fight,  
By raising beans and cabbage for your  
table,  
So Uncle Sam may feed his soldiers right;  
If you will start your backyard garden  
growing,  
Why, then, you'll have a right to crow and  
**BRAG,**

For you'll be making just as good a showing  
As those who cross the sea to save the flag.

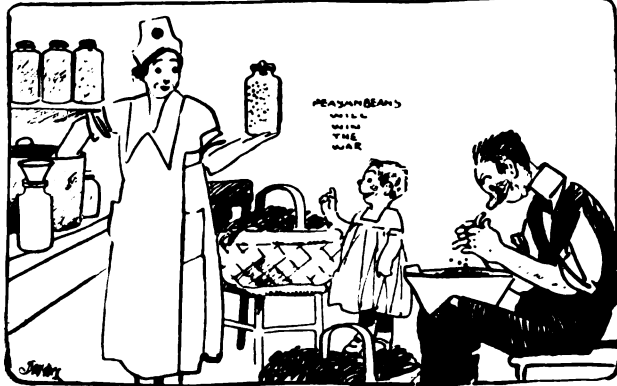
## Help On the Food Work

If you can't raise chickens yourself, you can at least encourage those who can. Plant a garden.

The average size war garden can be persuaded to pay the average family's income tax.

If you can't plant a war garden, at least you can refrain from sowing wild oats to offset other people's gardens these busy days.

One thoughtful paragrapher observes that many a man who thinks he could manage the entire country can't even manage his own backyard garden. This observation prompts another writer to declare that as a general thing that sort of a fellow has no backyard garden.



### PRODUCER, MANUFACTURER AND CONSUMER

DONAHEY in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



Of course the office kidder had to wait till the day you returned from a two weeks' auto trip to inspect your war garden.

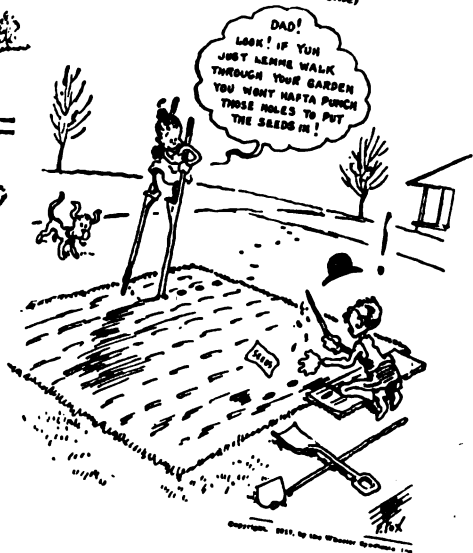
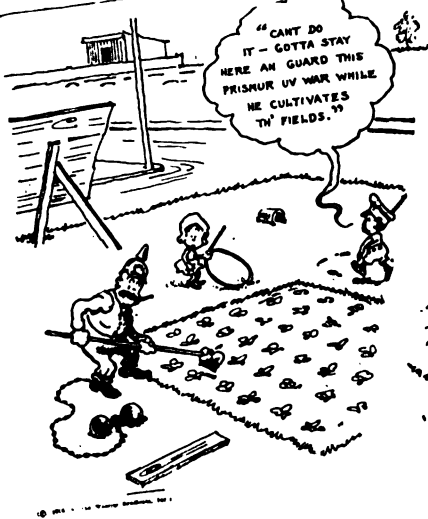
FINCH in *Dawson Post*.



"The time has come," the seapack said.  
 "To think of growing things,  
 Of corn and wheat, to make our bread,  
 And stuff that gard'ning brings.  
 For we must feed our soldier men  
 And those of foreign kings."

**TOMBOY TAYLOR** had a fine plan to help her dad with the garden.  
 -By F. Y. FOX.

**Dad Has Invented a New Game Which Allows Him to Work in the Garden and at the Same Time Keep Willie in Sight and Out of Mischief!**



**DAD'S PET RADISH**



**THE CANNING SEASON**



**THE CARTOONIST'S SYMPHONY**

By FOX, FINCH and SATTERFIELD.



A housewife who lived in Deland  
Took her pipe-smoking hubby in hand.  
"Come along here," said she,  
"You can't leave it to me.  
You must help get this garden sass canned."

### Too Much Rivalry

"How is your wife making out with those onions she is raising in a flower pot?"  
"They're drooping. Stirring the soil with a hairpin was all very well, but I don't think perfume from an atomizer is the sort of irrigation they need."

Some cook in the navy has given out a recipe for camouflage ginger bread. An expert cook friend of ours tells us real ginger bread can be made for half the price.



Alonzo Alphonso Romyne  
is a wizard of legerdemain.  
With a wave of his wand  
He can make an old pond  
Grow beets and tomatoes and grain.

"Mamma, Billy Smith is keeping chickens now, and I have declared war upon him."  
"What for?"  
"Well I want to make our back garden safe for the world."

A report by the Federal Children's Bureau says that since the increase of the price of milk to 14 cents a quart more than half of 2,200 families investigated in New York City had substituted tea and coffee for children.



**HOME DEFENSE**  
HARDING in *Brooklyn Eagle*.



**HELP CAN THE KAISER!**  
BREWERTON in *Atlanta Journal*



Slacker  
Land

Clean over the top we will travel,  
As soldiers of hoe and of spade;  
We're digging the earth and the gravel,  
We're getting our war gardens made.  
To-day is no time for the slacker,  
And war has no place for the shirk;  
When you find slacker land take it firmly in hand,  
And if it won't fight, make it work.

### A New Form of Test

"He loves the very ground she walks on."  
"Does he love it well enough to plant a  
vegetable garden in it for her benefit?"

Tickle the earth with a spade and she will  
laugh back at you with a joyous crop.

Even the people who live in apartments  
can raise their vegetables on a dumb waiter.



HOW YOU FEEL WHEN YOU RAISE  
YOUR FIRST POTATO

FINCH in *Denver Post*.



Said Miss Gladys Clarissa McTanner:  
"I've abandoned my player planner.  
Art is all very good  
But it won't supply food  
So I'm playing my tunes on my canner."

### Fooling the Poultry

One ingenious gardener is said to have  
pretended she was planting something  
and then put some fake cards around her  
make-believe garden, after which she let  
the neighbors' chickens scratch themselves  
skinny looking for the seed.

Little Miss Muffet went out to rough it  
By working with spade and hoe,  
But when her tomatoes came up as potatoes  
Poor startled Miss Muffet said "Oh!"

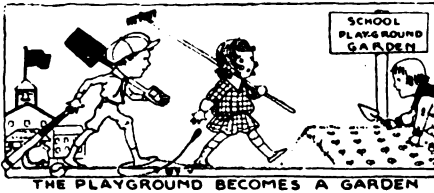
Think of the thousands of unborn beans  
that are awaiting the coming of the summer  
garden.



### PATRIOTIC LITERATURE FOR 1918

There's a patriotic journal  
That is free from battle news—  
Wholly free from blood and thunder!  
You can read it if you choose.  
When you tire of war and war news,  
Why not give your brain a jog  
By a thoughtful wise perusal  
Of the garden catalog?

MARTHA HART, in *Des Moines Tribune*.



Said the youngsters of Lakewood, N. J.:  
 "Just watch us make war gardens pay.  
 We'll go over the top  
 With a smashing big crop,  
 For this is not work—this is play."



**IT'S A GARDEN PLOT**  
 A garden in every back lot  
 Is about the best thing we have got.  
 It's as good as our guns  
 For bombarding the Huns  
 Is this anti-Hun war garden plot.

### The Great Joker

**F**REDERICK W. VANDERBILT, at a dinner in Poughkeepsie, praised the production of his war garden.

"If I told you all that my war garden has produced," he said, "you wouldn't believe me. You'd think I was as mendacious a joker as Mark Twain."

"A young girl once asked Mark Twain to write in her autograph album. She said it must be something she could show her mother. The great humorist dipped his pen in the ink and wrote:

"'Never tell a lie.'

"'Beautiful,' said the girl, in a slightly disappointed voice; but Mark wasn't done yet. He dipped his pen in the ink again and added:

"'Except to keep in practice.'"

### Forethought

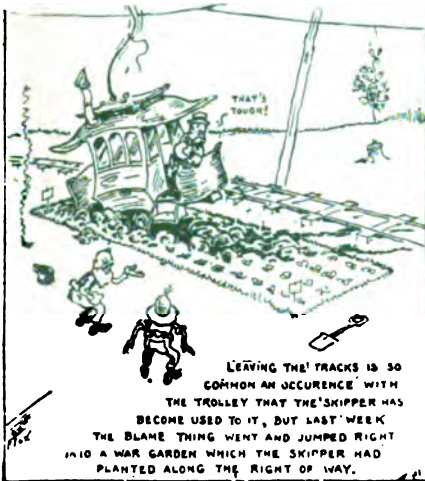
"How are you getting along with your garden?"

"Fine! I've planted the seeds two feet deep and defy the neighbors' chickens to dig them up."

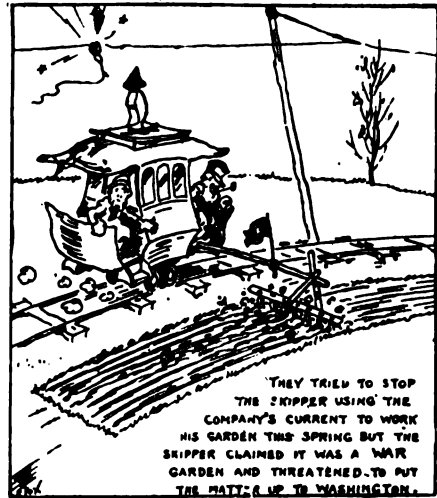
Young Livingston Beekman de Peyser Said: "I'm gloating just like an old miser;

I'll grow ammunition  
 To send to perdition  
 That blood-thirsty scoundrel the Kaiser."

Mrs. Sadleigh has given up sighing  
 At the cost of the food she's been buying,  
 For she's got 'em all beat  
 On the good things to eat  
 Since she's taken to Canning and Drying.



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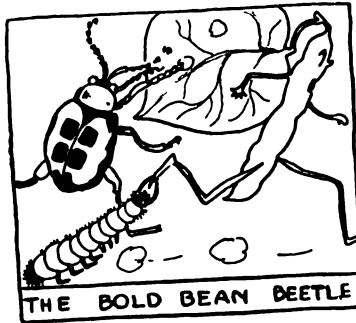
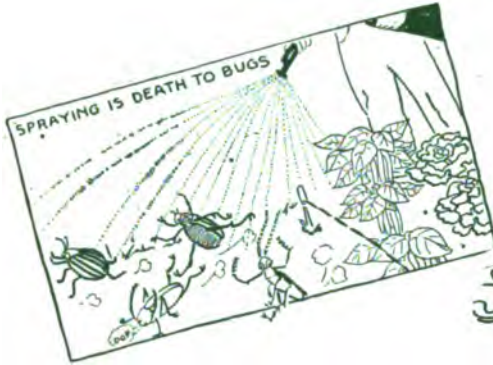
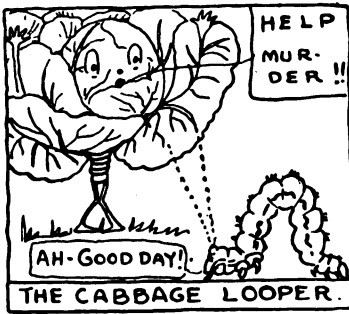


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### THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY THAT MEETS ALL TRAINS

Fox in Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

Fox in Spokane Chronicle.



THE COMMISSION'S OWN CARTOONISTS MAKE A SPRING AND SUMMER DRIVE AGAINST THE ENEMY

### VEGETABLES YOU SHOULD KNOW

**T**IMOTHY TURNIP he lives downstairs,  
 No one could say that he puts on airs;  
 He lives in a box that's made of wood,  
 Very simple, but strong and good.  
 And mother can always depend on him  
 If she thinks the dinner is kind of thin;  
 He's a fat old thing, but he does combine,  
 And he makes boiled dinners uncommonly fine.

**O**H, Ann Letitia Carrottop, she is a stupid thing,  
 She is sort of orange-colored with a bang  
 of greenish string;  
 She hasn't any manners and she hasn't any style,  
 But when you see her in your soup—  
 She makes you want to smile,  
 She looks so handsome in your soup  
 She makes a person smile.

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